A

POEM

UPON

His Sacred Majesty,

His Voyage for Holland:

By way of

DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

Belgia and Britannia.

By Mrs. *D'ANVERS.*

LICENS'D,
December 23. 1690.
J. F.

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Bever*, at the *Hand* and *Star*, near *Temple Barr*, in *Fleet-street*, MDCXCI.

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TO THE

High and Mighty PRINCESS

MARY

Queen of Great Britain, &c.

ALICIA DANVERS

Humbly Dedicates this POEM.

BRITANNIA.

WRetched *Britannia*! Hapleſs, and undone!
How have my Follies call'd this Vengeance down,
And anger'd Heav'n to ſo ſevere a Frown?
Shall a Curſt Nicety of Honours Law,
Tug from theſe Fondling Arms my Dear *Naſſaw*?
Councils, or hated buſineſs, call thee hence!
To Love, and Me, nothing's a juſt pretence.
Injurious War! Curſe on the very Word;
Unkind *Bellona*, if thou'lt call'd my Lord,
Shield that dear Boſom from the Ungentle Sword.

Gods!——Should *Britannia* find that Rival there;
What ill remains? What is there left to fear?

Had not rough Sounds, and Groans of Dying Foes,
Charm'd thy brave Youth, I had ignor'd these Woes.
Now less belov'd, and fewer Charms I wear
Than Wounds, or Death in self receiv'd in War;
Ah me! Why was he born a Conqueror?

BELGIA.

What Demon fills thy boding Soul with Fears
Nymph, what has rais'd this Storm of Sighs and Tears?
Oh you ungrateful, Fair, Unkind, Perverse,
To give the Wound, and wonder at the Smart.
Have you not rent my Heart, and stab'd my Soul,
And all my Joys with my dear *Albion* stole?
By you at once of Love, and Guard bereft,
And to the Triumphs of Proud *Gallia* left.
Cruel——yet to such Griefs you'd add Restraint,
And check the Ecchoes of my loud Complaint.

BRITANNIA.

BELGIA.

Thou Ravi't, Fond Maid, such Idle Dreams as these
Assist thy Impatience to o'erthrow thy Peace;
Gave I not first thy *Albion* to thy Arms,
Bold, and Undaunted, full of Martial Charms,
In Armour were his first Approaches made,
And Warlike Sounds the only Serenade:
Your Infant Loves by War more Sinewy grew,
While *Mars* on *Albion* smil'd, no less than you.
Here could I tell the Everlasting Story,
Of my *Nassaw*, and Noble *Albion*'s Glory.

Had not the dazling luſtre of his Name,
Already fill'd the wondering World with Fame.
To you, 'twere but Impertinence to prove,
The ſole Inducement of Your Heart to Love;
Can you forget what Charms in Honour dwells?
Honour, Divineſt of all Magick Spells!
By which my Daſtard Soul's ſecur'd from fear,
And the hoarſe Sounds of War delight my Ear.
Suppoſe our lov'd *Naſſau*, by fierce Alarms
(The Voice of Glory) ſummon'd to his Arms,
My Tears were an unpardonable Wrong,
What General e'er was harm'd, who Honour won?
Muſt ſuch fond Sorrows injure *Albion*?
Have I leſs Love than you? Is he leſs mine?
Yet I can hold a Grief like yours a Crime;
I'd ſcorn to own, nay Bluſh, to think a Sin,
You've indulg'd your Heart ſo fondly in,
Methinks you're bold indeed, who dare Repine
At the Commiſſion of the Powers Divine;
Since they are pleas'd to honour *Albion* ſo,
While Heaven directs as Generaliſſimo,
But e'er I puſh theſe Martial Thoughts too far,
Which I perceive ſo ungrateful to Your Ear.
Leaſt your mad Paſſion by miſtake be fand,
Know I've not call'd your *Albion* to Command,
But to Conſult, and to ſecure your eaſe,
His buſineſs!——*Belgia* and *Britannia*'s Peace——
And can his Abſence, ſuch well manag'd Hours,
Admit of ſuch Ungrateful Sighs as yours?
Bluſh at the fooliſh Fondneſs of a Bride——

BRITANNIA.

Bluſh at the wild Excurſions of your Pride!
My *Albion*! Could my *Albion* come from you,
Be my kind Lord, and not ungentle too,

Well, my Step-Mother, now too late I've seen,
What all Your Actions, and Your Drifts have been.
Why were my Praiſes ſpoke to *Albion*,
Call'd Fair, and Lov'd, and Courted, and Undone?
Malicious *Gallia* could but Curſe my Joys
Which *Belgia* gave, and ſhe alone deſtroys.
Now the Fantaſtick Ape, Laughs, ſhews her Teeth,
While the dull Crotid refounds my killing Grief;
But ſince my Tears muſt buy you *Gallia*'s Smile,
No more let me be call'd the Happy Iſle:
My Tears——Alas! your Cruelties are more,
You'd quench her thirſty Vengeance with my Gore.
No ſooner ſhall my dear *Naſſau* be gone,
Neatly retir'd, by yuor Pretences home,
But *Gallia* claps her Ponyard in my ſide,
And clears the way for a more Beauteous Bride.
Fonder——More Fooliſh *Belgia*, to ſuppoſe
That my Remove ſhall not increaſe your Foes.
Mine ſhall deſpiſe thee, for the Inhuman Deed,
But for thy Crimes, Why ſhould my *Albion* bleed?
For whom you ſpread your Machavillian Snares,
And fill with dull (to me dull) State Affairs.
Frown not, my *Albion*, though I diſapprove
The kindneſs of my deaf miſtaken Love.
I ſhake not for my worthleſs ſelf ſo much,
As I can die to think thy dangers ſuch.
Can *Belgia* boaſt in thee, a larger ſhare?
She may——but not her Love with mine compare.
Should *Albion* fall her Honour's Sacrifice,
Could her harſh Voice adorn his Obſequies,
Like the ſoft Mournings of my tender Cryes?

Then my harſh Voice offends your Curious Ear,
In your fair Eyes, I'm Rich and, Poor,

But

But since you've been pleas'd to affront me so,
No fears of mine forbid to let you know,
That you *Britannia* have been found of late,
Soft to a Scorn, Nice, and Effeminate,
From your Brave Ancestors degenerate.

BRITANNIA.

Hold Angry Matron, hold, What have I done?
Pardon the hasty Errors of my Tongue,

BELGIA.

'Tis your Erroneous Zeal for *Albion*,
Which, I believe has offer'd me the wrong;
But your blind Love for him shall never be
Pretence, thus to reproach, and injure me.
Britannia, the just Gods, as well as thee,
Could ne'er forget so black a Perjury;
Wou'd I please *Gallia* with thy Overthrow,
Could Hell contrive, and break so strict a Vow?
You hear'd when I against the Strumpet swore,
Then let her Name offend my Ear no more:
Nor is this all, you'r bolder yet, and dare
Censure the Love I to your *Albion* bear,
You're Young, and Smooth, and scorn these rough old Hands,
Which wrapt his tender Sides in Swadling Bands;
Tis true, proud Nymph, what you disdain to own,
These Wither'd Breasts gave Suck to *Albion*,
While on my Careful Knee Heaven's Darling sate,
By this Knee rais'd to a more Glorious Fate,
The Child with Lawrels play'd, and smil'd on Bays,
While in his Ear I sung his future praise.
This hoarse rough Voice, which you so much despise,
Oft brought kind *Morpheus* to his half-clos'd Eyes,
Shall not a Nurse, and Tender Mother too,
Feel Pangs of Love as sharp, and strong as you.

Shall Nuptial Vows, or Fair *Britannia's* Charms
For ever lock my *Albion* in her Arms?
Lock him for ever from these Longing Eyes,
Belgia (ye Gods!) with Expectation dies.
Why have I Wish'd, and Sigh'd so long in vain?
Partakes *Nassaw* of his soft Brides Disdain,
And fears to see this Wrinkled Face again?
He has gaz'd upon thy Winning Face so long,
'Till I'm scorn'd as much by *Albion*,——
But see he comes, spight of thy Wrath he'll come.
Nassaw, now to the Gods I'll trust again,
Those Gods I never trusted yet in vain;
When poor *Hibernia* call'd him to her aid,
(Whose gashly Wounds, made *Mars* himself afraid)
'Twas those kind Gods return'd the Mortal Blow,
Heaven will not spare him yet——I *Belgia* know
There's greater things for *Albion* yet to do:
But hold——*Britannia*, you've forgot, I find,
How dear a Pledge your Lord has left behind;——
Thou Smil'st again, How fast thy Sorrow dies,
Sorrow, the Fair *Britannia's* worst Disguise!
Fresh Beauties in thy Cheeks themselves display,
What can the Lovely change pretend to say?

BRITANNIA.

That I no more can for his Absence mourn,
Who leaves so dear a Pledge of his Return,
Belgia 'twas cruel, and your fault indeed,
To let my Soul so long with Sorrows bleed,
You've wrong'd my Heart, (*Belg.*) Then there was wrong for
Give me your hand, be Friends, and let's a'done. (wrong,

FINIS.